Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

10¢

# The BLACK TERROR

NO. 13

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no. 13

SCHOMBURG

SLOW CHILDREN

5D·50

# GIVEN

## *Your Choice of Valuable* GIFTS or CASH

**Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known *"Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner"* at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Your friends, relatives and neighbors all need "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" that saves many, many dollars in dry cleaning bills. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.**

## BIRTHSTONE RING

Smart, new, dainty Sterling Silver Ring Set with sparkling birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order.

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Built for action. Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner. Just send the gift coupon for your order to start.

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3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per free Gift catalog.

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Everyone enjoys this Powerful Telescope for spotting planes, hunting and vacations. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order.

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Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

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Official size, very tough and sturdy FOOTBALL. GIVEN for selling 1 order as specified in gift catalog.

Just send the gift coupon for your order to start. We trust you.

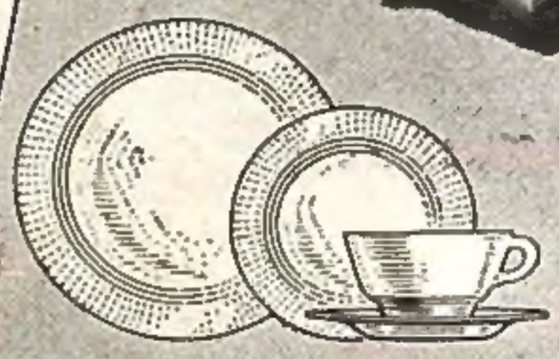
**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS,** Dept. E-532 Jefferson, Iowa

## CHARMING SWEETHEART LOCKET

Choice of Dainty Heart Locket or Round Hollywood Remembrance Locket with space for pictures of loved ones. Beautifully embossed. 18-inch chain. GIVEN for selling only 1 order of "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner."

## Baseball GAME

Enjoyed by old and young. Dice decides the play for both teams. Substantially made. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



## Set of DISHES

Plates, saucers, cups, pie plates, sugar and creamer. Complete set for 4, beautifully decorated. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per gift circular.

## 6 Teaspoons

Silverware you'll adore in such a lovely new pattern that you will want to complete the set. 6 Teaspoons GIVEN for selling only 1 order as explained in gift circular sent free with your order at start.

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Uses standard film. Makes clear, sharp snapshots. Gives years of use. GIVEN for selling only 1 order of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner.

## *Mail This Gift Coupon To-day*

## New, Friendship RING

Sterling Silver with extra wide band in forget-me-not design and 2 pendant hearts GIVEN for selling 1 order. SEND THE COUPON TODAY.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-532, Jefferson, Iowa,** for order to start.

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**GIFT Wanted**

_____

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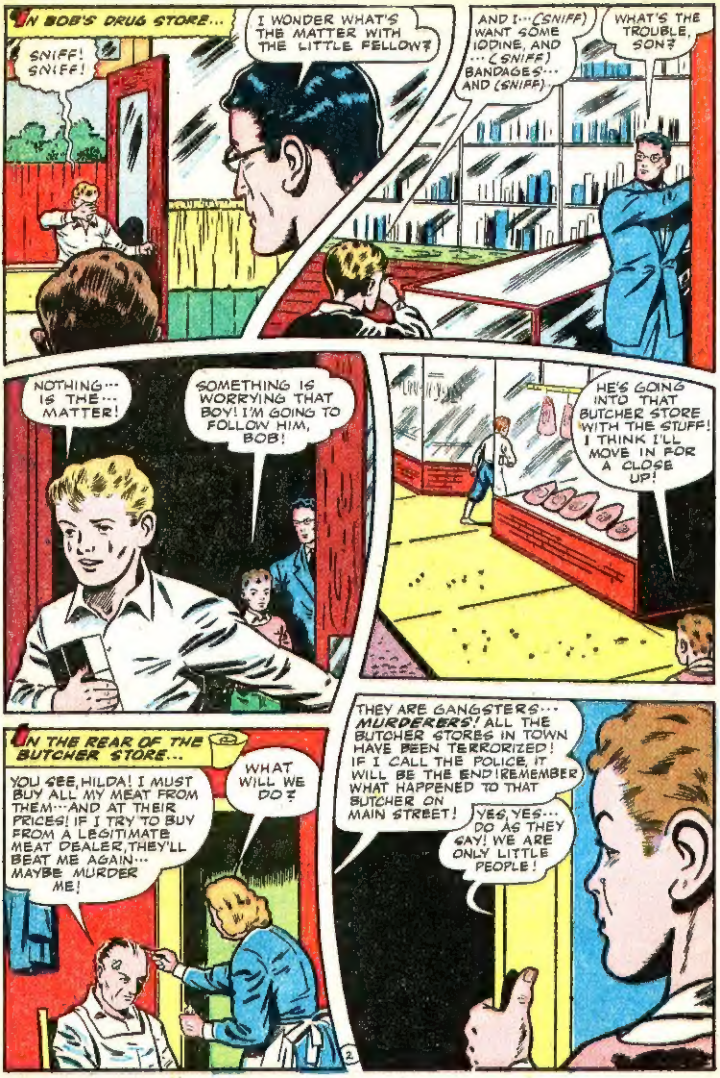
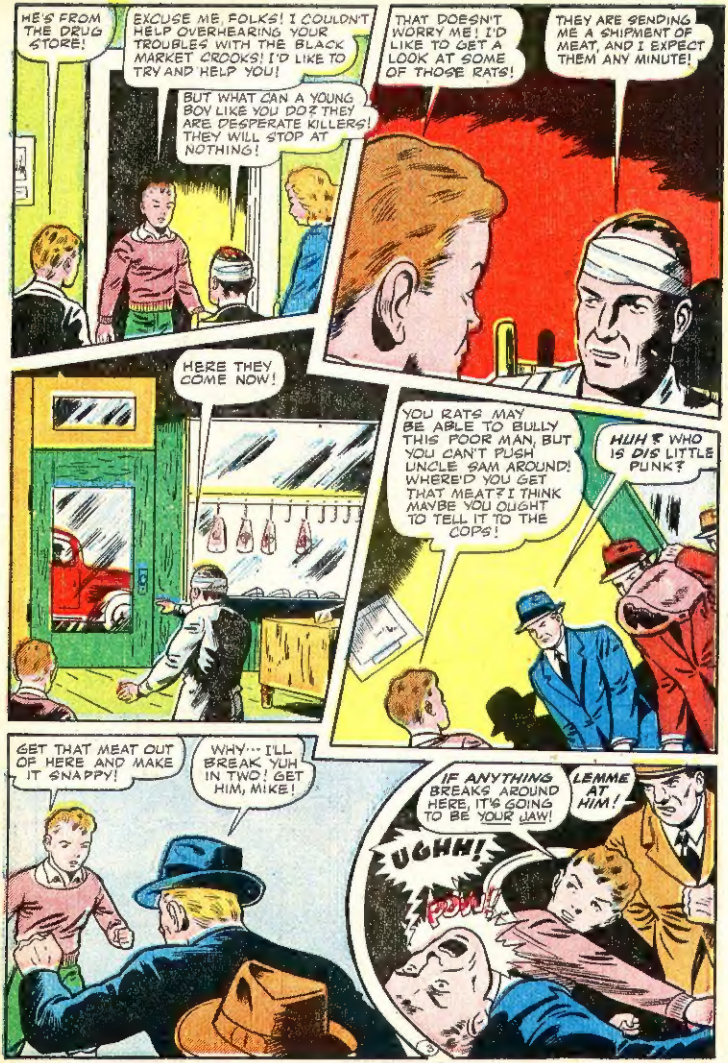
# The BLACK TERROR

BOB BENTON, MEEK-LOOKING YOUNG DRUGGIST, IS IN REALITY THAT CRIME-BUSTING CRUSADER AND NEMESIS OF THE FASCISTS... THE BLACK TERROR, WHO WITH THE AID OF YOUNG FRIEND, TIM, SMASHES CRIME AND INJUSTICE WHEREVER IT REARS ITS UGLY HEAD!
CC-370


IN BOB'S DRUG STORE...
SNIFF! SNIFF!
I WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LITTLE FELLOW?
AND I···(SNIFF) WANT SOME IODINE, AND ···(SNIFF) BANDAGES··· AND (SNIFF)
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SON?
NOTHING··· IS THE··· MATTER!
SOMETHING IS WORRYING THAT BOY! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM, BOB!
HE'S GOING INTO THAT BUTCHER STORE WITH THE STUFF! I THINK I'LL MOVE IN FOR A CLOSE UP!
IN THE REAR OF THE BUTCHER STORE...
YOU SEE, HILDA! I MUST BUY ALL MY MEAT FROM THEM···AND AT THEIR PRICES! IF I TRY TO BUY FROM A LEGIT. MATE MEAT DEALER, THEY'LL BEAT ME AGAIN··· MAYBE MURDER ME!
WHAT WILL WE DO?
THEY ARE GANGSTERS··· MURDERERS! ALL THE BUTCHER STORES IN TOWN HAVE BEEN TERRORIZED! IF I CALL THE POLICE, IT WILL BE THE END! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT BUTCHER ON MAIN STREET!
YES, YES··· DO AS THEY SAY! WE ARE ONLY LITTLE PEOPLE!


HE'S FROM THE DRUG STORE!
EXCUSE ME, FOLKS! I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR TROUBLES WITH THE BLACK MARKET CROOKS! I'D LIKE TO TRY AND HELP YOU!
BUT WHAT CAN A YOUNG BOY LIKE YOU DO? THEY ARE DESPERATE KILLERS! THEY WILL STOP AT NOTHING!
THAT DOESN'T WORRY ME! I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK AT SOME OF THOSE RATS!
THEY ARE SENDING ME A SHIPMENT OF MEAT, AND I EXPECT THEM ANY MINUTE!
HERE THEY COME NOW!
YOU RATS MAY BE ABLE TO BULLY THIS POOR MAN, BUT YOU CAN'T PUSH UNCLE SAM AROUND! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT MEAT? I THINK MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TELL IT TO THE COPS!
HUH? WHO IS DIS LITTLE PUNK?
GET THAT MEAT OUT OF HERE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
WHY··· I'LL BREAK YUH IN TWO! GET HIM, MIKE!
IF ANYTHING BREAKS AROUND HERE, IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR JAW!
LEMME AT HIM!
UGHH!
POW!

I GOT ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, TOO, BIG MOUTH!

OOOF!

WHUMP!

DIS WILL SLOW HIM UP!

CRACK!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

NO SIGN OF HIM YET--- WAIT--- THOSE MEN--- THEY'RE CARRYING TIM OUT OF THAT STORE! HE'S BEEN HURT!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE DRUG STORE...

I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, JEAN! TIM'S BEEN GONE FOR SOME TIME--- AND I'M GETTING WORRIED! WATCH THE STORE FOR ME, WHILE I GO OUT AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

OKAY, BOB!

THIS WILL FIX THAT FRESH MONKEY!

HE'S BEEN SLUGGED!

HEY, MIKE, HERE COMES ANOTHER NOSEY ONE!

AGHH!

OHHHHHHHH!

GOT HIM! I HOPE HE CROAKS!

BEAT IT... HERE COMES THE COPS!

WE'LL TAKE THE BRAT WITH US! THE BOSS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

M-MY HEAD... ...THEY... THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

RETIRING TO AN ALLEY, BOB QUICKLY ASSUMES THE ROLE OF THE BLACK TERROR!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO TAKE THE POLICE TO CATCH UP... BUT I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT AWAY, BEFORE THEY HARM TIM!

THEY HAVE? LET'S GO, ED!

I'M ALL RIGHT ...JUST A LITTLE STUNNED! THEY'VE GOT A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE!

THEY GOT AWAY! ARE YOU HURT, MISTER? DON'T WORRY... WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THOSE BLACK MARKET THUGS SOME DAY... AND WHEN WE DO...!

THE TERROR LEARNS THE STORY!

...AND THEN THEY ATTACKED HIM! THE BOY FOUGHT LIKE A YOUNG LION, BUT THEY HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD! YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!

THEY PROBABLY HEADED FOR THE HANGOUT WHERE THEY PICK UP THEIR MEAT! IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE IT WAS--!

JUST THEN...

LOOK! THERE GOES ONE OF THEIR TRUCKS! I RECOGNIZE IT!

THIS IS A LUCKY BREAK! I'M HITCHING A RIDE WITH THESE BABIES!

AFTER A LENGTHY RIDE INTO OPEN COUNTRY...

THIS IS THEIR HANGOUT, ALL RIGHT! GUESS I'LL DROP OFF AND LOOK AROUND!

THERE'S AN OPEN WINDOW! MAYBE I CAN TUNE IN ON SOMETHING THERE!

NOW WE GOT THE WHOLE CITY TIED UP TO RECEIVE ONLY OUR MEAT--- THAT GOES FOR THE WHOLESALERS AND THE STORES! I TOLD YOU A LITTLE ROUGH TREATMENT HELPS! THERE'S ANOTHER LOAD OF CATTLE COMING IN SOON ---WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A CLEAN-UP!

TIM!

A LOOSE TWIG!

FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THIS SMART ALEC! THE BUZZ-SAW OUGHT TO DO A NICE JOB!

HAW-HAW! HE'LL BE NOTHIN' BUT HAMBURGER MEAT, BOSS!

OH-OH ...THEY HEARD IT!

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE!

CRACK!

AS LONG AS THEY KNOW I'M HERE, I'LL INTRODUCE MYSELF!

THE BLACK TERROR! GET HIM!

TERROR... I KNEW YOU'D GET HERE!

IF ANYBODY IS GOING TO DO ANY "GETTING" AROUND HERE... IT'S GOING TO BE ME!

LOCK!

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE PARTY HAS ARRIVED!

KILL HIM!

BANG! BANG!

P-KOW!

I MAY NEED THIS SWATTER TO KEEP THE FLIES AWAY! SEEM TO BE TOO MANY TO COPE WITH BY JUST USING FISTS!

THIS IS MUCH EASIER... AND I DON'T HAVE TO DIRTY MY HANDS!

OWWW!

HALP!

STOP HIM!

THE WEAKENED CEILING SUDDENLY GIVES WAY!

THE CEILING FELL ON HIM! HE'S OUT COLD!

LOOK OUT!

OHHHH!

BRING HIM AND THE BRAT INTO THE BARN, WHERE WE KEEP THAT MEAT-CHOPPER! THAT'S THE LAST TIME *HE* SOCKS ANYBODY!

TIE HIM TIGHT TO THAT MOVING BELT! I'M GOING TO LET THE BLACK TERROR SEE HOW WE HANDLE OUR ENEMIES! THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE OF *HIM!*

WH···WHERE AM I? I···I REMEMBER··· NOW! *WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO TIM?*

BOSS···THE REFRIGERATOR WENT ON THE BLINK! ALL THE MEAT WE WUZ SUPPOSED TO TAKE INTO TOWN HAS SPOILED!

*SPOILED?* WHAT DO I CARE? *SHIP IT OUT···I AIN'T TAKING A LOSS!*

THERE'S A FORTUNE IN IT WHEN WE UNLOAD THAT MEAT, AND I DON'T CARE IF THE WHOLE CITY IS POISONED! THIS IS GOING TO BE A BIG HAUL!

THROW THAT SWITCH AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO GET THAT MEAT MOVING!

BZZZ·ZZZ

SLOWLY... SLOWLY... THE BELT MOVES TOWARD THE CRUEL IRON TEETH OF THE BUZZ-SAW!

TERROR! DO SOMETHING!

I... MUST ... GET... FREE! I MUST!

BZZ... ZZ... ZZ!

CAN'T BREAK... THE ROPE! I'LL TRY TO RIP THE BEAM DOWN!

MIGHTY MUSCLES TENSE POWERFULLY!

GRRK!

MADE IT!

NO TIME TO GET THIS POST OFF MY BACK! I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT THING NOW!

TERROR!

YOU DID IT!

CRASH!

FREE ONCE MORE, TIM STRIPS TO HIS FIGHTING UNIFORM!

LET'S GO, TIM! I WANT TO PAY OFF A LITTLE BILL I OWE THOSE RATS!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, TERROR!

THEY ESCAPED! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

HERE'S THE FIRST STOP OF A MOPPING-UP OPERATION!

BANG!

BANG!

The BATTERING FISTS OF THE TERROR TWINS BEGIN TO TAKE THEIR TOLL!

REINFORCEMENTS!

GET THEM, YOU FOOLS!

WILD SHOTS FROM THE GUNS STRIKE THE CATTLE! THEY BEGIN TO MILL ABOUT IN A FRENZY...

STAMPEDE!

CRASH!

THE THUNDERING HERD SWOOPS DOWN TOWARD THE FIGHTING MEN!

HELP! STOP THEM!

IT'S TOO LATE TO RUN, TIM! JUMP!

EEEEEEE!

RIDE HIM, TERROR! YIPPEE!

OHHHHHHH!

LOOK! THE CATTLE BLOCKED THE ROAD SO THOSE RATS CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT MEAT CARGO!

I THINK WE OUGHT TO BAIL OUT!

HERE WE COME··· READY OR NOT!

THEY'RE COMING FOR US!

FIRST COMES THIS!

CRASH

STEP ON IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THOSE TWO AIN'T HUMAN!

TERROR! THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY!

SOK

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

HELP!

SAVE THE PIECES, BOYS! YOU'LL NEED THEM IN JAIL!

SOK

HERE COME THE POLICE!

SOCK!

I'VE BEEN SAVING *THIS* FOR YOU!

WE JUST GOT A TIP ON THEIR HIDEOUT, BUT IT SEEMS YOU BEAT US TO IT, TERROR! THIS NEST OF RATS WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF, THANKS TO YOU!

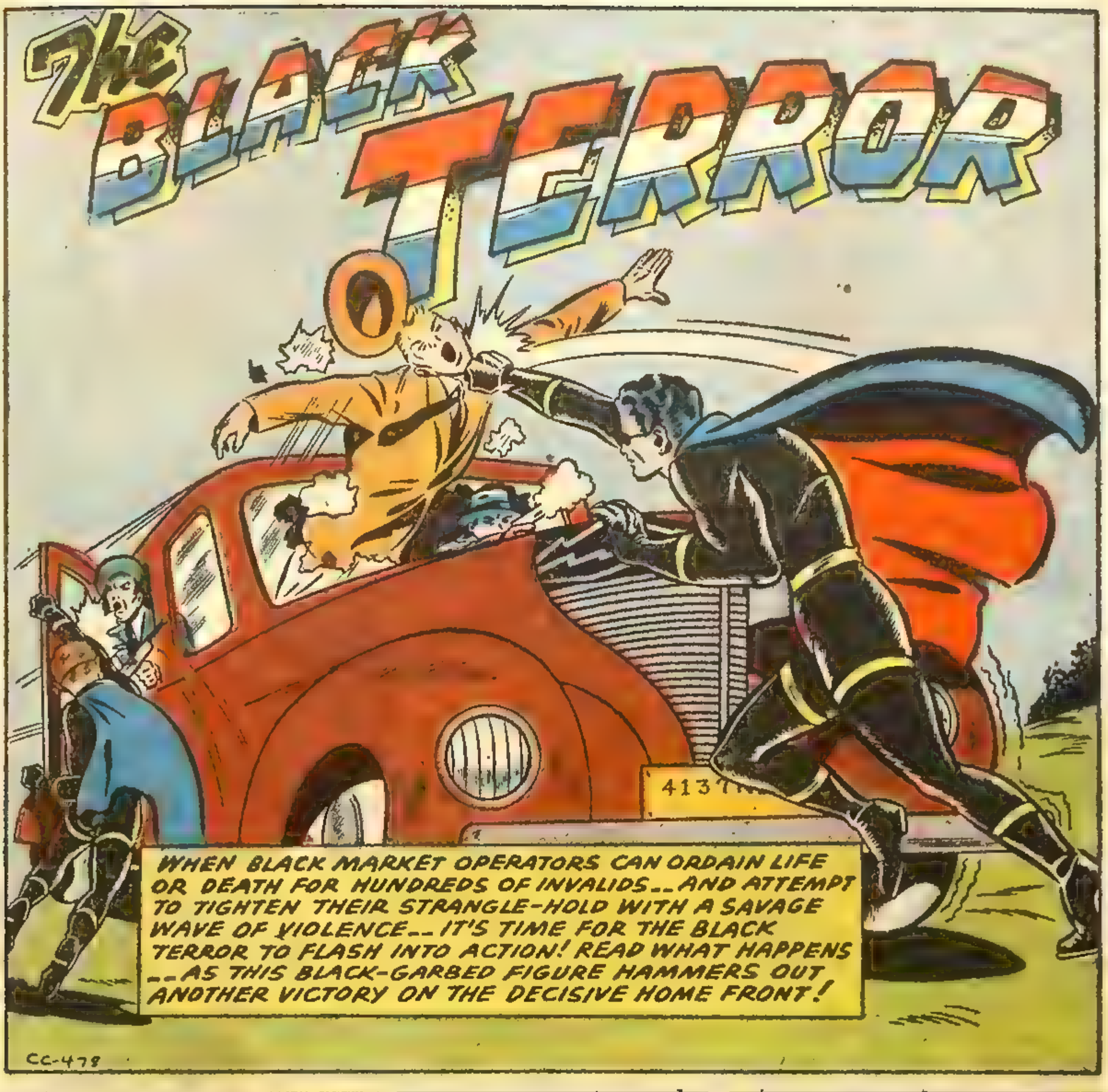
ANYBODY OPERATING A BLACK MARKET IS TRYING TO STAB THIS COUNTRY IN THE BACK... *AND I'M NOT GOING TO STAND BY AND SEE IT DONE!*

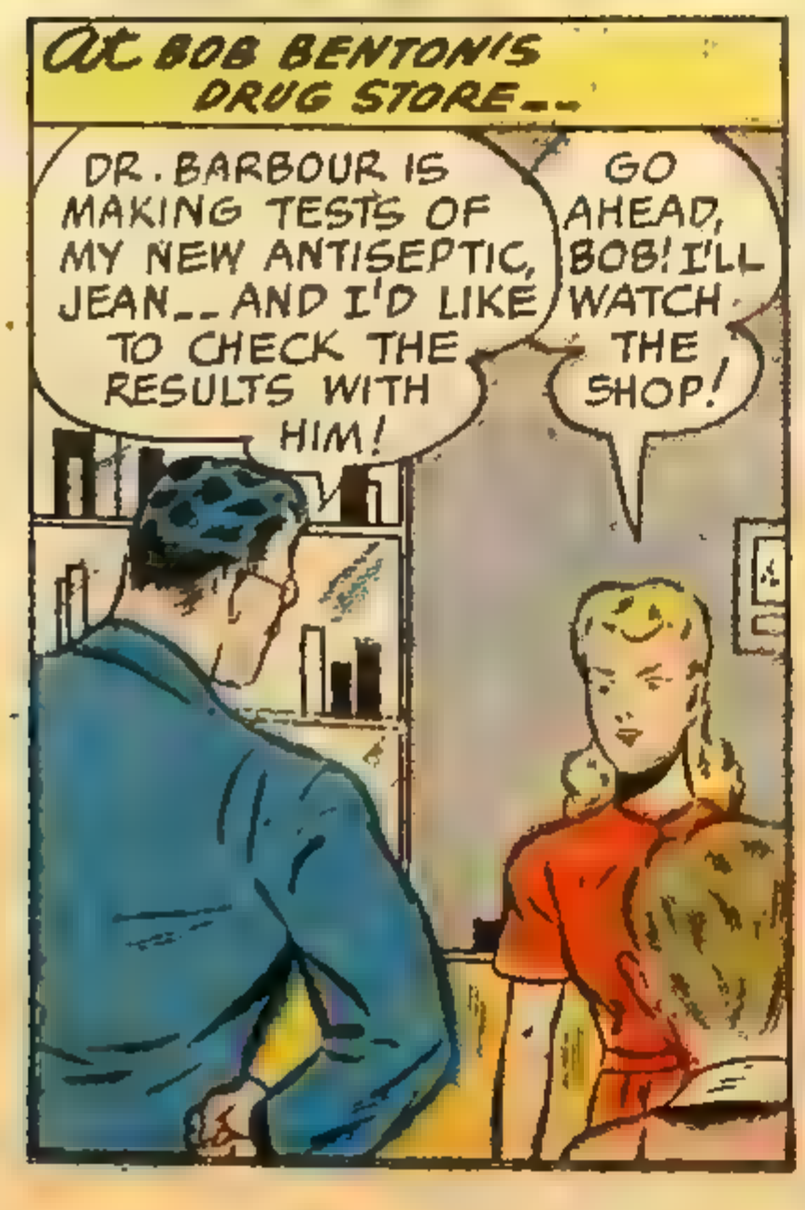
*A SHORT TIME LATER··· BACK AT THE DRUG STORE···*

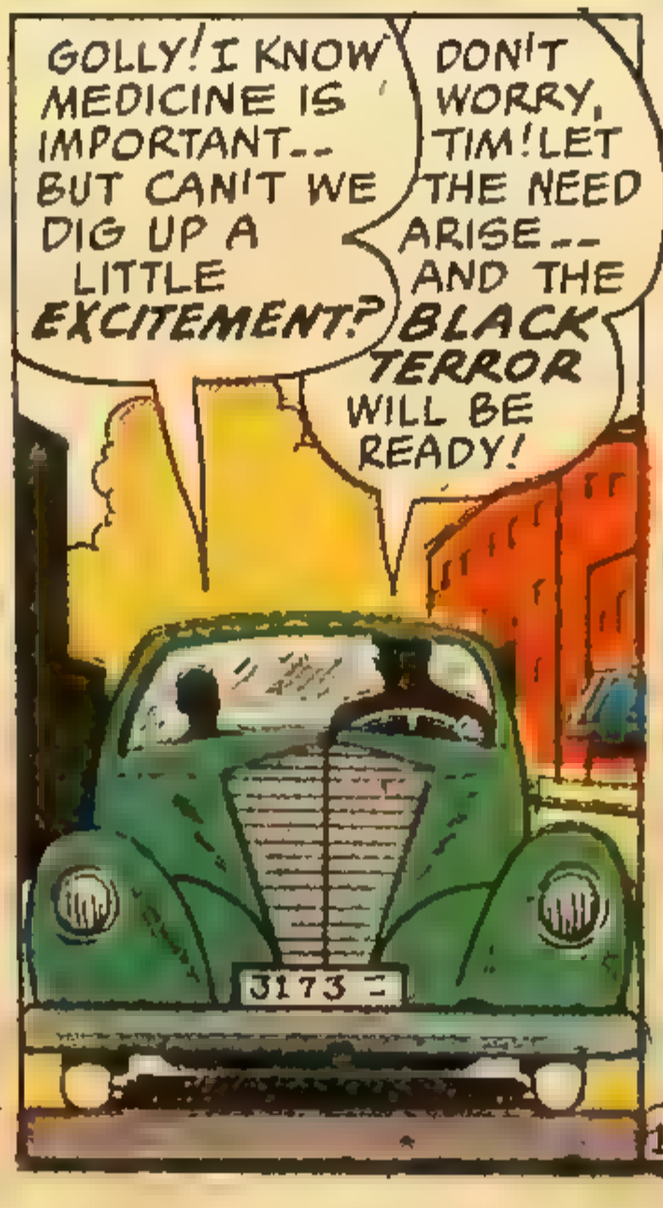
DID YOU BOYS READ ABOUT THE BLACK TERROR CLEANING UP THAT BLACK MARKET GANG? GOLLY, BOB, I WISH YOU'D DO SOMETHING HEROIC LIKE THAT, FOR A CHANGE!

WATCH FOR THE NEXT THRILLING BLACK TERROR STORY!

# The BLACK TERROR


4137
WHEN BLACK MARKET OPERATORS CAN ORDAIN LIFE OR DEATH FOR HUNDREDS OF INVALIDS--AND ATTEMPT TO TIGHTEN THEIR STRANGLE-HOLD WITH A SAVAGE WAVE OF VIOLENCE--IT'S TIME FOR THE BLACK TERROR TO FLASH INTO ACTION! READ WHAT HAPPENS --AS THIS BLACK-GARBED FIGURE HAMMERS OUT ANOTHER VICTORY ON THE DECISIVE HOME FRONT!
CC-478


At BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE--
DR. BARBOUR IS MAKING TESTS OF MY NEW ANTISEPTIC, JEAN--AND I'D LIKE TO CHECK THE RESULTS WITH HIM!
GO AHEAD, BOB! I'LL WATCH THE SHOP!


GOLLY! I KNOW MEDICINE IS IMPORTANT-- BUT CAN'T WE DIG UP A LITTLE EXCITEMENT?
DON'T WORRY, TIM! LET THE NEED ARISE-- AND THE BLACK TERROR WILL BE READY!
3173

IF THE DOCTOR IS BUSY WITH A PATIENT-- WE'LL BE GLAD TO WAIT!
THAT'S STRANGE-- THERE WERE TWO MEN WAITING AHEAD OF YOU! THEY MUST HAVE LEFT!

ANYWHERE I CAN GET A DRINK OF WATER, MISS?

CERTAINLY! YOU'LL FIND THE COOLER INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE!

OFFICE

UNEXPECTEDLY...

WATCH OUT, DUKE! WE'RE SPOTTED!

OH-OH! PENETENTIARY ALUMNI--IF I EVER SAW 'EM!

SUPPOSE WE ALL JUMP-- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

DON'T POINT THAT THING, RAT-- IT MAKES ME JUMPY!

BANG!

WAM!

YOU'RE GONNA JUMP *PLENTY*, BUSTER!

POW!

LET'S SLUG 'EM TOWARD THE DOOR, TIM-- AND SAVE THE FURNITURE!

*MERCIFUL HEAVENS!* WHAT--

SOK!

WAM!

STAY PUT, YOU TWO-- IF YOU WANT THE DOC IN ONE PIECE! COME ON, RED!

NO... DON'T...

LET'S GO, TIM! WE'LL BEAT 'EM TO THE ELEVATOR!

PLEASE, BENTON! THIS BUILDING IS FULL OF MEDICAL OFFICES--PATIENTS --FURTHER EXCITEMENT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS!

HM...THEY SEEM TO HAVE BEEN AFTER YOUR PRESCRIPTION BLANKS, DOCTOR!

GANGSTERS HAVE A DOZEN USES FOR THEM! FORTUNATELY-- YOU AND TIM SEEM TO HAVE INTERFERED JUST IN TIME!

NO HARM DONE, I GUESS! ANY REPORTS ON MY ANTISEPTIC SOLUTION?

I HAVE THE RESULTS ON SIXTY TESTS! IF YOU HAVE AN HOUR OR SO-- WE'LL LOOK THEM OVER!

LATER--

HECK! THAT HAD THE MAKINGS OF A PROMISING SCRIMMAGE, BOB!

WISH WE *HAD* FOUND WHY THOSE MUGS WANTED THE PRESCRIPTION BLANKS!

*BACK AT BOB'S PHARMACY--*

THANK GOODNESS YOU TWO ARE BACK! I'VE NEVER HAD A DULLER AFTERNOON!

HEY, BOB! HERE COME THOSE GUNMEN WE MET AT DR. BARBOUR'S!

YE GODS! HOLD THEM OFF, JEAN--AND BE SURE TO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY ASK FOR!

*BOB BENTON!* ARE YOU RUNNING OUT ON TROUBLE *AGAIN?*

*IN A REAR STORE-ROOM--*

*BOY!* THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

WE'LL SNEAK OUT THE BACK DOOR AND FOLLOW THEM-- WITHOUT JEAN BEING THE WISER!

THAT'S WHAT THE PRESCRIPTION CALLS FOR, BABE! *TEN THOUSAND GRAINS EACH OF SULFATHIAZOLE AND SULFADIAZINE!*

IT'S PRACTICALLY OUR ENTIRE SUPPLY-- BUT I'LL FILL THE ORDER!

A MOMENT LATER...

NOT A BIT OF TROUBLE GETTING THE STUFF, CROWLEY!

GOOD! WE'LL STOP OFF AT THE PARKSIDE PHARMACY NEXT... AND SEE WHAT THE BOYS WERE ABLE TO PICK UP *THERE!*

SEVERAL BLOCKS BEYOND...

GREAT GADFREY, BOSS! THAT PILL-ROLLER IS PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT!

HE'LL REGRET IT! PILE OUT, BOYS!

BANG! BANG!

4137-ND

YOU TIN-HORN RACKETEERS CAN'T BULLY *ME!*

*MUTTONHEADS!* CAN'T I TRUST YOU TO HANDLE ONE MAN?

PARKSIDE PHARMACY

BANG!

*HERE'S* THE TECHNIQUE THAT GETS RESULTS!

SOK!

SUDDENLY, LIKE A PAIR OF BLACK THUNDERBOLTS...

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, BUSTER!

BANG!

AND DON'T THINK *WE* ARE, EITHER!

RAT-A-TAT

WAM!

TOMMY-GUNS ALWAYS GET ME RILED, RATS!

BAM!

CLIMB IN, MEN! I'LL HANDLE HIM!

POW!

CRASH!

BAM!

SOK!

SEE YOU IN THE MORGUE, FRIENDS!

WE MUST BE SLIPPING, TERROR-- TO LET 'EM GET AWAY TWICE!

THEY MAY *THINK* THEY GOT AWAY--*BUT I'M JUST STARTING!*

SO THEY TRIED TO GET SULFA DRUGS FROM YOU, TOO!

TWENTY THOUSAND GRAINS! I SUSPECTED DR. BARBOUR'S SIGNATURE WAS FORGED ON THE PRESCRIPTION-- AND STARTED TO PHONE HIM WHEN THE SHOOTING BEGAN!

CAN THOSE RATS BE LOW ENOUGH TO TRY TO ORGANIZE A BLACK MARKET FOR SULFA COMPOUNDS?

EVIDENTLY, TIM! AND IF THEY SUCCEED-- *HUNDREDS OF LIVES WILL BE IMPERILED!*

I'M GOING TO ASK THE MAYOR TO REQUEST DRUGGISTS TO RESERVE THEIR SULFA FOR HOSPITALS AND PHYSICIANS! AND TOMORROW-- WE'LL TRY TO GET THE SAGAMORE CHEMICAL COMPANY TO RUSH NEW SUPPLIES INTO THE CITY!

*LATER-- AT CITY HALL--*

ALL RIGHT, BOB! I'LL GIVE YOUR MESSAGE TO MAYOR BRANT!

ONE MORE FAVOR, JEAN! WOULD YOU MIND WATCHING THE SHOP AGAIN TOMORROW?

WHY? EXPECTING ANOTHER BATCH OF GANGSTERS?

TUT-TUT! I MAY NOT BE AS BRAWNY AS THE BLACK TERROR-- BUT I'M NOT A WORM, EITHER!

THAT NIGHT.. AT CROWLEY'S HIDEOUT..

HEAR THAT RADIO REPORT, BOSS? ALL SULFA SALES IN THIS BURG HAVE BEEN RESTRICTED!

I HAD AN IDEA GETTING IT *THIS* WAY WOULD BE KIND OF SLOW! BOYS.. *WE GOTTA CONTROL THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY!*

WE'RE GONNA TAKE A TRUCK TO THE SAGAMORE PLANT.. AND GRAB THE ENTIRE OUTPUT! THEN WE'LL BLOW THE JOINT UP.. *JUST TO CLINCH OUR LITTLE MONOPOLY!*

SWELL IDEA.. BUT HOW DO WE PEDDLE THE STUFF?

THAT JANE IN BENTON'S DRUG STORE DIDN'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE, DID SHE? CALL ON HER TOMORROW.. *AND SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T TURN US DOWN!*

*NEXT MORNING..*

THINK WE'LL DIG UP ANY ACTION TODAY, TERROR?

NO TELLING! WE'VE *GOT* TO HUNT DOWN THAT GANG, AFTER WE CALL AT SAGAMORE!

*AN HOUR LATER..*

ONE BOMB WILL DO THE JOB! LEAVE THE OTHER IN THE CAR.. WE MAY NEED IT LATER!

OUTSIDE, ALL OF YOU! SHAKE IT UP!

GET THE TRUCK LOADED! THAT THING'S SET TO BLOW IN FIVE MINUTES!

*WOW!* THIS STUFF HAS THE CIGARETTE RACKET BEAT ALL HOLLOW!

YOU BETCHA! PEOPLE CAN DO WITHOUT SMOKES .. *BUT THEY'LL PAY PLENTY TO KEEP LIVIN'!*

SULFA

THEN, IN A SUDDEN RUSH...

GUESS WE GET IN A BIT OF RAT-HUNTING AFTER ALL, TIM!

GET IN WITH THOSE TOMMY-GUNS, MUGS! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

RAT-TAT-TAT

SINCE YOU'RE SO EAGER TO MAKE PEOPLE SUFFER, BIG SHOT... I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE!

POW!

SINCE YOU APES ARE LOOKING FOR WHOLESALE LOTS...TRY SOME OF THIS!

WUP! HERE'S ANOTHER!

LOADI G PLATFORM

CRASH!

POW!

RAT-A-TAT

START JIVING, CHUMP... I'M SENDING WITH THE DRUM!

YAAAGH!

BLAM!

ETHER, EH? IF THIS DOESN'T STOP THAT DEVIL... NOTHING WILL!

SHOOT AT HIM, DOPES! THAT STUFF'S INFLAMMABLE!

BANG!

An INSTANT LATER...

JEEPERS! ROLL ON THE FLOOR, TERROR!

SCRAM, BOYS... BEFORE THAT BOMB LETS GO!

THEN... WITH A THUNDERING ROAR...

WOW! GOOD THING WE GOT THE SULFA OUT IN TIME, CROWLEY!

HEH! THE BLACK TERROR AND THAT KID WEREN'T SO LUCKY!

BA-ROOM!

BUT... HALF-BURIED IN THE HEAPED WRECKAGE...

LOOK, BOSS! THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!

I COULDN'T HOPE FOR BETTER! GET SOME ROPES AROUND 'EM!

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK, EH? PRACTICALLY ALL THE SULFA IN THE STATE... AND THE BLACK TERROR BESIDES!

YEP! WITH BENTON'S DRUG STORE PEDDLING THE STUFF... WE STAND TO RAKE IN ABOUT THREE HUNDRED GRAND!

WHILE I THINK OF IT, BOSS... WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?

I'M TOO BUSY TO THINK UP ANYTHING BETTER THAN **SLOW DROWNING!** CHUCK 'EM IN THE CELLAR!

YOU'RE GOING TO RUN UP A TERRIFIC WATER BILL, JUGHEAD!

YEAH? BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH... I'LL BE ABLE TO **BUY** THE RESERVOIR!

INCH BY INCH--AS THE MINUTES PASS--

I'M NOT MAKING MUCH HEADWAY WITH THESE ROPES, TERROR!

THIS OUTSIDE DOOR WON'T BUDGE, EITHER! WE'RE UP AGAINST IT, PAL!

MEANWHILE--AT BOB'S SHOP--

A DOZEN PEOPLE DYING IN MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL ALONE-- AND YOU WANT US TO--

LISTEN, BABE... I DIDN'T COME HERE TO ARGUE! YOU'RE GONNA HANDLE THAT SULFA AND LIKE IT!

SMAK!

THIS IS WHAT COMES OF BOB'S LACK OF COURAGE! WELL--THE BLACK TERROR MAY BE AROUND--

BUT I'LL BET THERE'S PLENTY I CAN LEARN BY JUST FOLLOWING THAT RUFFIAN!

TWO MILES BEYOND...

THEY'RE PROBABLY WATCHING THE FRONT DOOR! I'LL TRY TO SNEAK INTO THE CELLAR!

GOOD HEAVENS-- THE BLACK TERROR!

WOOOSH!

THANK GOODNESS YOU WEREN'T DROWNED!

WE'RE MIGHTY WET, JEAN--BUT NOW IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S TURN TO GET SOAKED!

A MOMENT LATER--WITH CYCLONIC FORCE--

YE GODS! HOW'D THEY GET OUT?

WE NEVER GO SWIMMING WHILE THERE'S WORK TO DO, CROWLEY!

POW!

CRASH!

GOOD THING MY CAR'S JUST BELOW! LOOK ME UP SOME TIME, MUSCLE MAN!

BANG!

BANG!

ONE SIDE, SISTER--OR I'LL SMEAR YOU ALL OVER THE DRIVEWAY!

CROWLEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TAKE YOU ALONG, MUG--BUT KEEP HOPING!

SUDDENLY--AS THE GANG LEADER SWERVES THE CAR--

BA-ROOM!

AH! THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A BOMB LEFT OVER FROM THAT SAGAMORE JOB!

WITH THE ACCOMPLICES LOADED INTO THE TRUCK--

WE'LL DROP THEM OFF AT HEADQUARTERS, JEAN--JUST AS SOON AS WE'VE DELIVERED THE SULFA TO THE CITY'S HOSPITALS!

I CERTAINLY WISH BOB HAD BEEN HERE, TERROR--TO PICK UP A FEW POINTERS ON HOW TO DEAL WITH RACKETEERS!

THE BLACK TERROR WAGES A SMASHING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME--NEXT ISSUE!

# SPY CATCHER

By BOB STANWOOD

## Money Talks — and It Says Plenty to a Bright Young Philippine Boy!

CAPTAIN LESLIE GARNER of American Army Intelligence was on a dangerous mission in the interior of Davao in the Philippines. He was some miles from other American units and had to depend upon native help. His native boy, Lorenzo was a capable assistant. Lorenzo knew all the small villages and their leaders.

When the Philippine boy led the American into a small clearing, they were both surprised to see another man there—a man in the uniform of the United States Army. The newcomer wore a tropical kit and a cork helmet with eagle insignia, and he saluted smartly as Lorenzo and Captain Garner approached.

"This is a surprise, Captain," he said. "I'm Major Dalton. I was sent in here to check on the reports of Jap spies being dropped by parachute. Have you heard anything about that?"

"Jap spies?" Garner repeated. "As a matter of fact, Major, that's just why I'm here. I'm to be on guard particularly because these Nip secret agents aren't Japanese citizens. I understand they're some of the escaped Hitler crew who got to Japan and hope to work for a greater Germany by hampering our work here."

"Clever," Major Dalton declared. "I've been sort of cementing diplomatic relations with the natives," he continued. "I've been in the Philippines for some months now, doing this type of work."

As he spoke he waved a sheaf of American and Philippine bank notes which he had apparently been distributing to the local tribesmen.

Dalton went on about his work, and Lorenzo walked off with Captain Garner. When they were some distance away, the Philippine boy said:

"Captain Garner, are you sure that this Major Dalton is a real American officer?"

"He looks like an American officer," Garner replied. "I can ask him for his identification, if you have any doubt."

"The identification would probably be in order, too," Lorenzo declared. Then he turned to one of the other natives and called:

"Manuel, come here."

Manuel came over, and Lorenzo spoke to him rapidly in the native dialect. The Filipino took some money out of his sash and handed it to Lorenzo.

"This is the money you have received from Major Dalton?" he asked. Manuel nodded soberly. Lorenzo studied it for a while, then handed it to Captain Garner and asked:

"See anything wrong with it?"

The captain studied the money, but there was nothing the matter with it as far as he could see. He handed it back to Lorenzo. The Philippine boy still wasn't convinced. He said:

"Now give me some of your money, Captain."

Garner complied and when the youth held the two bills together, Captain Garner exclaimed: "By gosh, I think you're right!"

With Lorenzo in close pursuit, the American captain hurried across the compound toward where Major Dalton was talking to several of the natives. Without any preliminary, Garner said: "You're under arrest, Major, as a Japanese secret agent."

Garner was unprepared for the quick reaction of the major. Dalton whirled around and his gun came up. Lorenzo and several other Filipinos leaped in and overpowered the major. Dalton was held fast until Garner could disarm him.

Finally Lorenzo prodded the enemy spy to his feet and Garner said:

"You Axis boys always outsmart yourselves! You think everyone is going to fall for your line. Your money sure sold you out."

"How come?" asked Dalton.

Lorenzo held out the money Dalton had been giving the natives to buy their loyalty to him. It was crisp and new, black on one side and green on the other. The Filipino then showed Dalton the bills from Garner's wallet. The "green" backs were yellow. Dalton was still puzzled. Garner explained:

"The green ink in American money turns yellow in the humid air and gases of the Southwest Pacific. We knew, therefore, that you hadn't been here long. You were probably just flown here by the Japs. It's lucky Lorenzo was wide awake like most natives. He's sure helped out General MacArthur!"

Lorenzo was proud and happy.

# THE BLACK TERROR

TOKYO

CC-506

THE BLACK TERROR FACES THE MOST DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT OF HIS LIFE ... AN UNAIDED INVASION OF THE VERY HEART OF THE JAPANESE HOMELAND! AND IF HE GETS IN... CAN HE EVER GET OUT?

BY ED. MORITZ & ED HAMILTON

AMERICAN BOMBERS POUND JAPANESE CITIES TO RUBBLE!

THE FLAK'S GETTING HEAVIER, BOYS! DON'T STOP FOR TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

AN OBSERVER IN ONE PLANE REPORTS...

ONE OF OUR BOMBS FELL 'WAY OFF THE TARGET AREA! SOMEBODY'S BOMB SIGHT MUST BE MISSING ON ALL CYLINDERS! I...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!

BOYOBOY! I JUST SAW SOMETHING THAT'LL GIVE US THE CHANCE FOR A REAL KNOCKOUT SOCK AT THE NIPS! IT...

SUDDENLY...

POW

GOLLY! THEY GOT RAWSON, JUST AS HE WAS TELLING H.Q. SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED AWFULLY IMPORTANT!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS IN THE UNITED STATES...

YOU SENT FOR US, COLONEL HARDY?

YES, TERROR...I NEED YOUR HELP!...AN OBSERVER IN ONE OF OUR PLANES MADE AN UNUSUALLY IMPORTANT DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS JUST IN PROCESS OF REPORTING, WHEN...

...HIS PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN! THE CREW WAS SEEN TO PARACHUTE SAFELY TO LAND, AND WE PRESUME THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONER! IF SO, HE WAS PROBABLY TAKEN TO TOKYO, WHERE THE JAPS ARE PLANNING A MASS EXECUTION OF CAPTURED AMERICAN AVIATORS...

...IN A PUBLIC SQUARE, AS A MORALE-BOOSTER FOR THE JAPANESE PEOPLE! WE'RE ASKING YOU TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE, TERROR ...RESCUE THOSE AVIATORS!

IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE, COLONEL... BUT WE'LL DO IT!

...Y PLANE TO PEARL HARBOR! Then...

DID YOU GET YOUR ORDERS, PILOT?

YES, TERROR! I'M ALL SET TO GO! WE'LL MEET THE SUB FIVE HOURS OUT!

FIVE HOURS OUT...

THERE SHE IS, TERROR! YOU'RE A PIG-BOAT MAN FROM HERE ON IN!

AHOY, TERROR! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME! I'LL SEND A BOAT FOR YOU!

Aboard the sub...

I'LL HAVE YOU TWO ASHORE ON JAPAN AT FOUR TOMORROW MORNING! THAT OKAY?

THAT'LL BE FINE! THE MASS EXECUTION OF OUR FLIERS IS SCHEDULED FOR NOON! IF WE SUCCEED, WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE APPOINTED SPOT AT 2:30!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ..."IF"? WE'VE GOT TO SUCCEED!

FOUR A.M.!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! THERE'S BEEN NO ALARM YET!

THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING! THE TOUGH PART IS STILL TO COME! COME ON!

SOMEBODY UP AHEAD ...MAYBE A GUARD!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET CLOSE, THEN RUSH HIM BEFORE HE CAN CRY OUT!

SUDDENLY...

OH-OH! WE'RE DISCOVERED!

HEY! IT'S A GIRL!

WHY... IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

YOU TALK LIKE AN AMERICAN!

I AM! MY NAME'S TONI RAYMOND! THIS IS A DISGUISE! I... BUT WE CAN'T TALK HERE! I'LL TAKE YOU SOME PLACE WHERE WE'LL BE SAFE!

THIS IS THE COTTAGE OF THE HOUSE I USED TO LIVE IN... BEFORE THE WAR! THE JAPS DON'T KNOW I'M STILL HERE!

BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE? AND HOW DID YOU AVOID BEING DISCOVERED?

MY MOTHER, WHO USED TO BE AN ACTRESS, SETTLED IN JAPAN SHORTLY AFTER I WAS BORN! I LEARNED TO SPEAK JAPANESE AS FLUENTLY AS ENGLISH! THEN ...THE WEEK BEFORE PEARL HARBOR WAS BOMBED... SHE WAS INJURED IN A TRAIN WRECK, AND DIED!

TO AVOID INTERNMENT AFTER THE WAR BEGAN, I DISGUISED MYSELF AS A JAPANESE PEASANT! MY MOTHER'S STAGE TRICKS CAME IN VERY HANDY!

AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF JAPANESE WAS THE BIG THING, OF COURSE! IF YOU ONLY SPOKE ENGLISH, YOU COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT!

BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON THE CLIFF, WHEN WE FOUND YOU?

I WAS SURVEYING A ROW OF CAMOUFLAGED DOCKS IN THE HARBOR! ...MAKING A ROUGH DRAWING OF THEM... FOR USE BY THE ALLIES IF I CAN EVER GET OUT!... BUT I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!

WE'RE HERE TO TRY TO RESCUE THE ALLIED FLYERS WHO ARE TO BE EXECUTED AT NOON TODAY!

OH, HOW WONDERFUL! I HOPE YOU CAN!... I'D LIKE TO HELP! I KNOW THE LAYOUT OF TOKYO PERFECTLY! HERE···LOOK! IF YOU GO IN HERE···

HEY···WAIT A MINUTE! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LET US JUST WALK CALMLY IN AND···

OH, YES THEY ARE! I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT! THEATRICAL MAKE-UP AND A CHANGE OF COSTUME WILL WORK WONDERS!

MOMENTS LATER···

WELL, HOW DO WE LOOK?

PERFECT! NOBODY WOULD RECOGNIZE YOU!

WE'D BETTER GET STARTED! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

REMEMBER NOW, DON'T SAY A WORD TO ANYONE! I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING!

AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOKYO···

SHE SURE CAN HANDLE THEIR LINGO LIKE A NATIVE! BUT I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT GUARD'S LOOKING AT TONI!

HE'S GETTING A LITTLE TOO FRIENDLY! COME ON, TIM! WE'RE NOT LETTING HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT!

OH-OH! HE PULLED OFF HER JAP WIG!

SOK!

HE'S CALLING FOR HELP! COME ON!

BANG!

LOOKS AS IF WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

GOOD! I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF RUNNING AWAY, ANYWAY! ANY TIME I GET A CHANCE TO NIP A FEW NIPS, I DON'T LIKE TO PASS IT BY!

TRY *THIS* ON YOUR GLASS JAW!

KEEP BEHIND US, TONI! WE DON'T WANT YOU HIT BY A BULLET!

IS IMPOSSIBLE! *THE BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THEM!*

BANG!

BANG!

SOK!

*FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! THEY ARE NOT HUMAN!*

THEY FIGHT LIKE DEMONS---THAT IS SURE!

SEEMS THE BOYS DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY MORE!

WELL, TONI, I GUESS—HEY! TONI'S GONE!

ONE OF THOSE JAPS MUST HAVE GRABBED HER!

GOSH! IF WE STOP TO LOOK FOR HER, WE MAY BE TOO LATE TO SAVE THOSE FLYERS!

WE CAN'T STOP! WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE TO LOOK! WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP ON TOWARD THE CENTRAL SQUARE!

HERE'S THE SQUARE! LOOK AT ALL THESE BUZZARDS COMING TO WATCH THE EXECUTION!

THE SIREN! HERE COMES THE AIR RAID WE ORDERED, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

*The crowd melts away!*

PERFECT! NOW WE HAVE ROOM FOR ACTION! COME ON, TIM!

GOODBYE, AMERICAN PIGS! WE GO TO AIR RAID SHELTERS!

WILL BE GREAT JOKE IF BOMBS FROM AMERICAN PLANES KILL OWN COUNTRYMEN!

THOSE ROTTEN HYENAS WON'T EVEN GIVE US A CHANCE TO...

LOOK! THE BLACK TERROR!

GET RID OF YOUR JAP DUDS, TIM! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

FREEING THE AIRMEN...

OKAY, FELLOWS, GET MOVING! WE AREN'T QUITE READY TO TAKE ON THE WHOLE JAP ARMY, SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE!

BOY! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

SNAP!

JAP TROOPS!

HERE WE GO AGAIN! LACE INTO 'EM, BOYS!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL OURS, TERROR!

THE JAPS GIVE WAY BEFORE THE MIGHTY TERROR TWINS!

GRAB THEIR GUNS, FELLOWS! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED 'EM!

SOK!

SUDDENLY...

TERROR! LOOK!

YOU WILL SURRENDER ...OR I PLUNGE KNIFE IN THROAT OF AMERICAN GIRL!

HE'S GOT TONI! WHAT'LL WE DO, TERROR?

SEIZING A ROCK...

JUST THIS!

CHUNK!

A PERFECT HEAVE, TERROR! THE DODGERS COULD USE YOU!

JUMP, TONI! I'LL CATCH YOU!

MOMENTS LATER...

IF WE CAN JUST GET HOLD OF A FEW PLANES NOW···WE CAN REALLY CRIPPLE JAPAN'S INDUSTRY!

TONI···YOU KNOW THE LAYOUT HERE! IS THERE AN AIRFIELD NEARBY?

RIGHT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY! I'LL TAKE YOU TO IT!

EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT WONDERFULLY! THE FAKE AIR RAID OUR BOMBERS STAGED HAS MOST OF THE JAPS HIDDEN IN THEIR HOLES!

WE'LL CLEAR OUT THE FEW THAT ARE STILL AROUND AND TAKE OVER THEIR FIGHTER-BOMBERS! TOO BAD · NONE OF THEIR LONG-RANGE PLANES ARE HERE!

POW!

TAKING TO THE AIR...

THERE COME OUR SUPERFORTS! BETTER RADIO THEM WHO WE ARE, RAWSON! WE DON'T WANT TO GET INTO A FRACAS WITH OUR OWN BOYS!

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, TERROR! I'LL TELL THEM TO FOLLOW US --- TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TARGET SINCE BERLIN!

BOMBS AWAY!

THAT LOOKS LIKE ORDINARY COUNTRYSIDE, TERROR! BUT A BADLY AIMED BOMB BROKE A HOLE IN IT THE LAST TIME I FLEW OVER! IT'S REALLY---

...A CAMOUFLAGED NEST OF JAPAN'S BIGGEST FACTORIES!

BOOM! BA-ROOM! BOOM!

Then, OUT TO SEA, PANCAKING ON THE WATER...

MISSION COMPLETED, CAPTAIN--- MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

I HEARD ABOUT WHAT YOU PROMISED IN WASHINGTON, TERROR... AND YOU LIVED UP TO YOUR PROMISE!... IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE... BUT YOU DID IT!

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE THE TERROR TWINS SURPASS EVEN THESE EXPLOITS! WAIT AND SEE!

# DAVID and GOLIATH

By GARRY BARTLETT

FRED LANIER, whose father worked for the ration board, was on his way home from Sunday School when the car pulled up alongside of him. Two tough-looking men were climbing out of the car and coming toward him.

"You're Fred Lanier, aren't you?" one of them asked. "We're taking you for a ride."

There was little point in arguing with the three men. But at the same time a curious thought entered Fred's mind, and he smiled.

"What are you laughing at, kid?" asked Jerry, the car's driver.

"I've just been thinking about my Sunday School lesson," Fred explained. "It was about David and Goliath. David was a little boy just like me. While any one of you fellows might be Goliath. Well, just remember that it was David and his slingshot that won out."

Jerry laughed, turned to Butch and Red, his helpers.

"It's a good joke, all right," he said. "But in them days they didn't have revolvers and tommy guns. I wouldn't depend too much on slingshots if I were you."

Fred Lanier was silent for a while, then he asked:

"Just why are you taking me away?"

"We might as well tell you," Jerry agreed. "Your dad is a big shot with the ration board. He's getting too nosy, and we've got a hunch that he's getting wise to our racket. But if he thinks something's going to happen to you, then he isn't going to be too eager to squeal on us. Get the idea?"

Fred "got the idea" all right. His captors were black market operators!

Jerry drove the car to a big warehouse. The entrance doors were opened and the car drove right into the building. On all sides there were boxes of canned goods, automobile tires, packages of stockings and other things that brought big prices. As

they were getting out of the car, Jerry said:

"Butch, you take this kid upstairs and tie him up. We don't want him doing anything about that David and Goliath idea!"

Butch followed instructions, and soon Fred found himself bound hand and foot and in an attic room. There was a dirty window close by him, and it opened out on a graveled roof. The attic itself was filled with cobwebs. Old junk was scattered all around, and several old inner tubes were hanging on the rafters.

Fred could see down into the street, but the gag around his mouth made it impossible to shout for help. He tried to slide the gag out of his mouth, but this did not help much.

His voice was only a croak by the time he succeeded.

From time to time he saw a police radio car come by on regular patrol. He was trying to think of some way to attract the attention of the officers. He smashed the lower pane of glass in the window. Some of the glass fell down into the street, but no one noticed it. Finally he got an idea.

It was difficult for him to do it with his hands tied, but by maneuvering around a lot, he was finally in position to put his plan into operation. He leaned back against the broken window and gathered up handfuls of gravel. Then he turned around and fumbled behind him. Moments later a spray of gravel went ripping out the window and splattered over the police in the open car.

"Guess I didn't do it," Fred said. "I'll have to try again."

Even as he spoke, there was a heavy pounding on the attic door. Then the door smashed open and a policeman stood there with a gun in his hand.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

Then he saw Fred tied up, and immediately rushed over to free him. Other policemen followed, with Jerry and his pals in captivity.

"I see you caught the black market racketeers," Fred explained. "I'm glad you did. They didn't think I could make the David and Goliath story work, but I did. I collected gravel from the roof, and used an old inner tube as a sling shot to throw the stuff out onto the radio car. Looks as though you fellows knew what to do when you realized something was wrong up here!"

"I'll say we did," laughed the cop. He congratulated Fred on his cleverness.

FRED LANIER FOLLOWS THE LEAD OF A BIBLICAL HERO!

# The CRIME CRUSHERS

CC-406

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING WITH THE **WE-DO-IT** BOYS, BECAUSE "TROUBLE" IS THE MIDDLE NAME OF STEVE BARRY AND PLOOPIE CARR! LOOK FOR EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE, AND THERE YOU WILL FIND STEVE AND PLOOPIE, USING THEIR BRAINS AND BRAWN TO PROVE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

STEVE AND PLOOPIE ARE CAUGHT IN A DOWNPOUR--

STEP ON IT, PLOOPIE! WE HAVE TO FIND SHELTER!

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO US! WHATTA LIFE!

LOOK AT MY SUIT! IT SHRANK!

HA! HA! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BUYING BARGAINS! LET'S GO IN AND DRY OFF!

ART GALLERY Paintings

LOOK AT THIS, STEVE!

THAT MUST BE SOMETHING TO SEE! LET'S GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME!

Last Known work of George Baxter on display upstairs! FOR SALE 60,00

BEAUTIFUL!

LOOK AT THE LINES!

BREATHTAKING!

SIMPLY BREATHTAKING!

THAT MUST BE IT! HMM, THINK THAT'S WORTH $60,000?

I GUESS SO.. LISTEN TO THEM RAVE!

SUDDENLY--

STEVE! L-LOOK!

THEY'RE TRYING TO SWIPE THE PICTURE! GO GET 'EM, PLOOPIE!

MAKE WAY!

WHAT TH-- UGH!

OK!

REACHING FOR A GUN, HEY? NO YOU DONT!

POW!

THUD!

BANG!

HEADS UP-- PLOOP!

LOOK OUT! HE'S SHOOTING!

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY--AFTER 'EM!

WAIT! WAIT!

NO! NO! YOU'LL BE KILLED!

LET GO, YOU FOOL! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

SORRY, BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS!

SMACK!

THERE THEY ARE-- AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS! WE'LL NEVER GET THEM NOW!

OH, YES WE WILL! FOLLOW ME!

THIS IS KNOWN AS A SHORT CUT, MR. RAT!

NOW YOU'VE GOT ME ON YOUR CONSCIENCE!

OOF!

NOW WE CAN PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

THIS IS HOW I USED TO BUCK THE LINE!

SOCK

I'LL KILL YOU!

OHHHHHH!

CRASH!

BANG!

PLOOPIE! HE'S BEEN HURT!

C'MON-- SCRAM OUTTA HERE! THESE TWO FIGHT LIKE WILDCATS!

STEEEEVE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, PLOOP?

YEAH-- I GUESS SO! **BUT THEY GOT AWAY!**

ARE YOU BOYS ALL RIGHT? WHERE ARE THEY?

THEY ESCAPED!

WE WOULD HAVE **HAD** THEM IF THIS PICTURE HADN'T DECIDED TO **FRAME** ME!

--AND THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE GOT THIS FAR IF ***HE*** DIDN'T TRY TO STOP US!

BUT THIS IS MR. MANSON, THE OWNER OF THE PAINTING!

HE ONLY ACTED IN YOUR BEHALF! I APPRECIATE THE EFFORT ON THE PART OF YOU FELLOWS!

I ONLY TRIED TO SAVE YOU FOOLS FROM GETTING ***SHOT!*** ***THEY WERE DESPERATE, ARMED MEN!***

WELL, THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY HARD FEELINGS! THEY DIDN'T GET THE PAINTING, AND I'LL PHONE THE POLICE TO INVESTIGATE!

I'M GIVING YOU THREE MORE DAYS TO SELL THE BAXTER WORK FOR MY PRICE, REYNOLDS! IF NOT, I'M GIVING IT TO ANOTHER DEALER, AND REMEMBER-- ***YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR IT!***

THAT NIGHT-

MAYBE IF WE HAD CAUGHT THOSE THIEVES, WE WOULD HAVE GOT A LITTLE REWARD AND WOULD HAVE SOME BUCKS TO PAY OUR BILLS!

YOU, KNOW PLOOP, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THOSE CROOKS TOOK SUCH A BIG CHANCE TODAY, THAT THEY MUST BE PRETTY DESPERATE TO GET HOLD OF THAT PAINTING! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY TRY AGAIN!

WELL, THINGS ARE RATHER DULL FOR THE WE-DO-IT BOYS! AND WE'RE ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE MUSEUM! MAYBE--!

LET'S WANDER OVER TO THE GALLERY AND MAYBE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN, EH?

AS THEY APPROACH THE ART GALLERY~

***LOOK, STEVE! THAT CAR JUST STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE PLACE!***

***HMM! THAT'S FUNNY!*** THEY MUST KNOW IT'S ***CLOSED!*** MAYBE THIS IS ***IT! LET'S MOVE IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK!***

IT'S MANSON!

SHHH! HE'S WITH THOSE TWO MONKEYS WHO TRIED TO **STEAL** THE PAINTING TODAY!

BE CAREFUL OF THOSE BURGLAR ALARMS! I DON'T WANT YOU TO BOTCH UP THE JOB--LIKE YOU DID THIS AFTERNOON! BRING THE PAINTING DOWN AND I'LL SUBSTITUTE THIS IMITATION! THIS IS GOING TO COST THAT FOOL REYNOLDS $60,000!

OKAY, BOSS!

UP AND AT 'EM, PLOOPIE! WE'VE CAUGHT THEM WITH THE GOODS!

HE WAS WORKING WITH THEM! NO WONDER HE TRIED TO STOP US!

HUH! BLAZES! IT'S THOSE TWO AGAIN!

NOW THAT NOBODY IS AROUND TO STOP US, WE CAN FINISH THE JOB!

GET 'EM--UGH!

POW

HMM--THE FEEL OF YOUR JAW HASN'T CHANGED SINCE I LAST **CARESSED** IT!

WHAM!

HE SET OFF THE BURGLAR ALARM!

OOPS!

SLUG 'EM! THE COPS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

RINGGGGG

GOT HIM!

GOOD! GET 'EM BOTH OUTSIDE IN THE CAR, WHILE I **SWITCH** THE PAINTINGS! *QUICK! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!*

AGH!

WOMP!

THUD!

SHORT TIME LATER, THE CARS PULL UP BEFORE AN OLD WAREHOUSE----

BRING THEM INSIDE AND TIE THEM UP! I THINK WE DITCHED THE COPS, BUT IT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE PUNKS!

AS STEVE AND PLOOPIE SLOWLY COME TO--

WOWIE! WHERE ARE WE?

LOOKS LIKE AN OLD LOFT! STEVE, LOOK AT ALL THE PICTURES! THEY LOOK LIKE SOME MORE OF BAXTER'S WORK! WONDER WHERE THESE MUGS GOT THEM!

MAYBE THEY SWIPED THEM FROM OTHER GALLERIES! WHAT'S THE MATTER, STEVE?

LOOK! THE PICTURE! DON'T YOU SEE?!

BAXTER IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED TEN YEARS AGO! LOOK AT THE HOSPITAL DRAWN IN THE PICTURE- WITH THE NEW WING ATTACHED! THAT WAS BUILT THREE YEARS AGO-AND IF BAXTER DIED TEN YEARS AGO, HOW WOULD HE KNOW ABOUT THE ADDITION?

GEE-- YOU'RE RIGHT!

THEN BAXTER WAS ALIVE THREE YEARS AGO, ANYWAY! MAYBE, HE'S STILL ALIVE!

MAYBE THAT'S HOW THEY GOT HOLD OF HIS OTHER PAINTINGS-- STOLE THEM FROM HIM!

THAT WAS A GOOD GUESS, BOYS! I SEE YOU KNOW HOW TO USE YOUR EYES-- MORE THAN THOSE FOOLS AT THE GALLERY! YES, BAXTER IS STILL ALIVE! BUT HE WON'T BE FOR LONG--AND NEITHER WILL YOU!!

FIRST THE ART GALLERY IS GOING TO HAND OVER $60,000 FOR THAT MISSING PAINTING! *I COULDN'T GET MUCH IF BAXTER WERE KNOWN TO BE STILL ALIVE!* HE'S UPSTAIRS IN A GARRET NOW! I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE HE'S *DEAD -- THEN SELL HIS OTHER WORKS!*

*WHAT A SENSATION IT WOULD BE IF THE WORLD KNEW HE WAS STILL ALIVE! HA!* BUT SINCE HE REFUSES TO PAINT ACCORDING TO ORDERS, HE'S OF NO FURTHER USE TO US!

BUT I THINK IT'S TIME TO CLOSE YOUR OBSERVANT EYES *FOREVER!* TOO BAD YOU WERE SO NOSY!

*STEVE! HE'S-- GOING TO-- CHOKE US!*

*STEADY, PLOOP--!*

*SWINGING HIS BODY DESPERATELY --*

*THAT DID IT!*

*ATTABOY, STEVE!*

*CRASH!*

THAT'LL HOLD *HIM* FOR AWHILE!

*GET ME OUT OF THIS! HURRY-- BEFORE THE OTHERS COME BACK!*

MY *THROAT* STILL HURTS AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT THAT RAT WAS GOING TO DO!

*HOLD STILL!* I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE! LET'S GET UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR BAXTER! MAYBE MANSON WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!

THERE'RE THE STEPS! THEY MUST LEAD TO THE GARRET!

ON THE DOUBLE NOW, BEFORE MANSON'S TWO GORILLAS COME BACK!

HE MUST BE IN HERE! HEAVE!

ARE YOU BAXTER, THE PAINTER?

IT MUST BE HIM, PLOOP!

Y-YES! WHO ARE YOU?

A QUICK EXPLANATION!

HOLD STILL! I'LL HAVE THIS OFF IN A SECOND! HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THOSE THUGS?

FOR MANY YEARS, I LIVED IN THE SOUTH SEAS, WHERE I PAINTED! I HEARD THAT PEOPLE THOUGHT ME DEAD, BUT I DIDN'T BOTHER TO CORRECT IT, BECAUSE I WANTED PEACE! THE WAR CAUGHT UP WITH ME, AND WHEN I CAME BACK HERE, I MET THAT-- THAT FIEND, MANSON, ON THE BOAT!

HE TOLD ME HE WAS AN ART DEALER, AND PROMISED TO SELL MY PAINTINGS FOR HUGE SUMS OF MONEY WHEN HE FOUND OUT WHO I WAS! I WAS WITHOUT FUNDS--AND TRUSTED HIM! HE URGED ME TO MOVE IN WITH HIM TO FINISH MY WORKS! ONE DAY, I DISCOVERED HIM TALKING ABOUT KILLING ME!

OF COURSE, I REFUSED TO TOUCH MY BRUSHES ANY MORE-- SINCE THEN I'VE BEEN-- RESIGNED TO MY DEATH! THEY WERE ONLY TRYING TO USE ME!

THEY'LL PAY FOR IT! COME-- WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

THERE THEY ARE! THEY'VE GOT BAXTER! AFTER THEM!

BACK IN THE ROOM!

THEY'LL-- THEY'LL-- KILL US!

BANG! BANG!

THAT OUGHT TO SLOW THEM UP!

CRASH!

THESE FISTS ARE GOING TO DO THE SHOOTING FOR US!

HERE'S MY .38 SPECIAL!

CRACK!

SOCK!

NOW WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM!

KILL THEM! KILL THEM!

HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, PAL! AWWW! I MISSED!

IN THE STREET BELOW!

WHAT WAS THAT?

CRASH!

WHAM!

PD

IT CAME FROM UP THERE!

LET'S GO AND TAKE A LOOK!

MEANWHILE, THE HAMMERING FISTS OF THE WE-DO-IT BOYS SUBDUE THE THUGS!

THAT OUGHT TO KNOCK ALL THE KILLING IDEAS OUT OF YOU!

SOK!

THIS EGG IS READY FOR THE CLEANERS, STEVE!

WHAM!

I'LL FIX THOSE PICTURES! I'LL RIP THEM TO SHREDS!

HE'S GOING AFTER MY PAINTINGS!

HEY!

THE LAST TIME I USED A CHAIR-- BUT YOU'LL FIND THIS MORE EFFECTIVE, MANSON!

AGH!

WHACK!

HOLD IT, YOU BIRDS! WHAT'S GOING ON UP HERE?

STEVE AND PLOOPIE QUICKLY EXPLAIN!

I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU FELLOWS! BRING MR. BAXTER DOWN TO THE STATION WHILE WE LOOK AFTER THESE RATS!

C'MON, MR. BAXTER, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW!

DON'T FORGET MY PAINTINGS, BOYS -- MY PAINTINGS!

I'LL GET 'EM, STEVE!

THE FOLLOWING DAY

WHAT A STORY! BAXTER ALIVE!

THIS IS MR. REYNOLDS, MR. BAXTER! HE WANTS TO BE THE FIRST TO EXHIBIT YOUR WORKS!

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR, SIR! THE WE-DO-IT BOYS ARE GETTING A REWARD! YOU MUST REWARD THE WORLD BY CONTINUING TO PAINT!

ONE SIDE! I WANT SOME SHOTS OF HIM!

Watch for the CRIME CRUSHERS' NEXT ADVENTURE!

# THE STRANGE POSSE

## By FRANK COLETON

IT WAS just dusk when the band of riders stopped at the Leaning Y ranch. Danny Young, the ranch owner's twelve-year-old son, was sitting on the porch steps when the horsemen appeared. They reined their horses near the porch but remained in their saddles as Matt Young walked toward them.

"What's the matter?" asked the owner of the Leaning Y, looking at the big man with a star pinned on his vest, who appeared to be the leader of the horsemen. "You look like a posse that's been ridin' hard."

"We are a posse," said the big man. "I'm Sheriff Joe Kerry from over in Pecos County. Ten men held up the bank over there and got away with five thousand dollars. They're killers. How about you and yore outfit riding with the posse? We need every man we can get."

"Shore," said Matt Young. He looked at his son. "Danny, run down to the bunkhouse and tell the men to saddle up and get ready to ride."

"I'll tell them, Dad," said Danny.

The boy hurried down to the bunkhouse and told the seven waddies in the outfit the orders his father had sent. The men got their gear and headed for the corral to saddle their horses. Danny started back up to the ranchhouse, then stopped and stood staring, after the posse, which was riding away into the swiftly-gathering darkness.

"That's strange," said Danny as he watched. "There were eight riders when they first rode up and now only seven of them are riding away."

His father appeared, heading for the corral, and Danny joined him.

"What happened to the posse, Dad?" Danny asked. "Why did they ride away?"

"They wanted to keep going. Sheriff Kerry said we were to join them at Indian

Head Gulch as soon as we were ready to ride."

"They must be awfully afraid of those outlaws," said Danny. "There were eight men in the posse and ten of the bank robbers, and yet the sheriff needs more men."

"Guess he just isn't taking any chances," said Young, and then he glanced thoughtfully at his son. "I never heard of a sheriff named Kerry over in the Pecos county."

"Ten men robbed the bank and only got five thousand dollars," said Danny. "That won't give them much money to divide, will it, Dad?"

"No, it won't." The ranch owner halted. "There's something wrong about that posse! We'll join them alright, but we'll have to be careful."

"Do you have any money in the safe in the ranchouse, Dad?" asked Danny. "I noticed that eight of those men came here and only seven rode away!"

"Is that so?" said Young, as the men of the outfit joined him, their horses ready. "Take a look around and see if there's a stranger on the ranch, boys!"

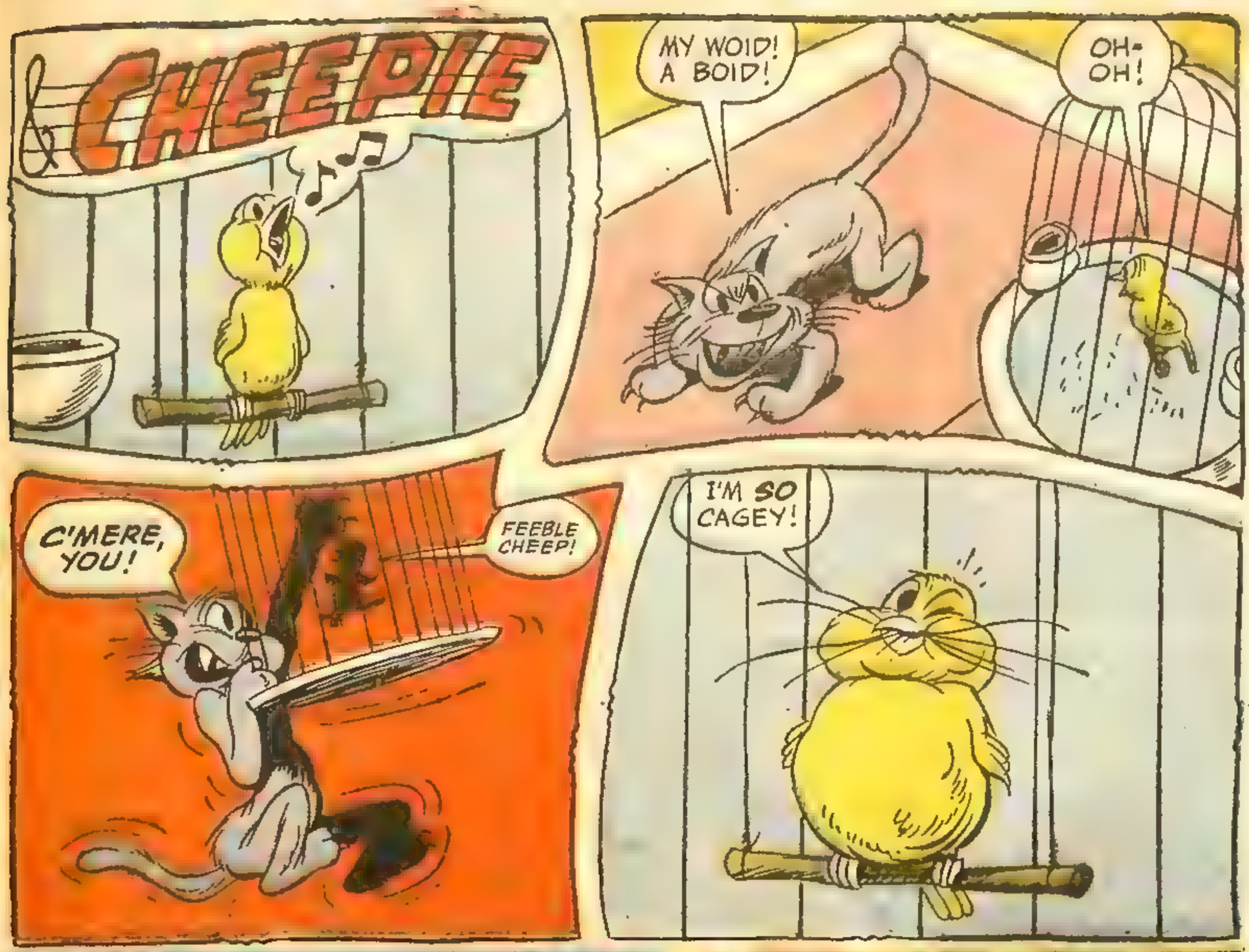
The men of the outfit quickly started searching, and found a hard-faced man hidden in a tool shed. They marched him out with their guns covering him. Young questioned him but the man refused to talk. The rancher ordered the captive tied up, and two men were left on guard at the ranch with the prisoner while the rest of the outfit rode away. Danny rode with them.

They circled around the gulch and then dismounted and crept closer on foot. They found Kerry and his men waiting for them with guns drawn!

The fake lawman and his posse were quickly captured. They had pretended they were after the bank robbers in order to get the waddies away from the ranch. The man left behind was to rob the ranch while the outfit was gone. They had planned to work the same scheme on other outfits if they were successful that night at the Leaning Y.

"We might have fallen right into the trap if Danny hadn't been smart and noticed things that got me thinking," said Young proudly. "I'm glad my boy has plenty of savvy!"

*Danny Young of the Leaning Y Proves He Has Plenty of Savvy!*


CHEEPIE
MY WOID! A BOID!
OH-OH!
C'MERE, YOU!
FEEBLE CHEEP!
I'M SO CAGEY!

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES
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AS JIMMY HEADS FOR SCHOOL..

HEY! LOOK— A BIG METEOR!

RUN! QUICK! IT'S FALLING RIGHT ON US!

JUST THEN VOLTO FLASHES INTO THE TERRIFIED TOWN...

I'LL STOP THIS! LOOK! MY LEFT HAND **REPELS**...

VOLTO

HELP, VOLTO! NOW IT'S COMING DOWN ON THOSE FISHERMEN!

I'LL FIX THAT, TOO! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND **ATTRACTS**...

VOLTO

AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

JUST GIVE ME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TO RECHARGE MY MAGNETISM.

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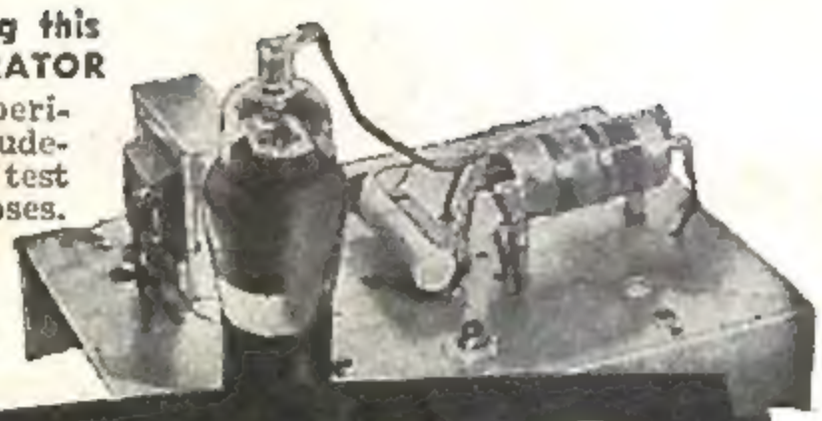

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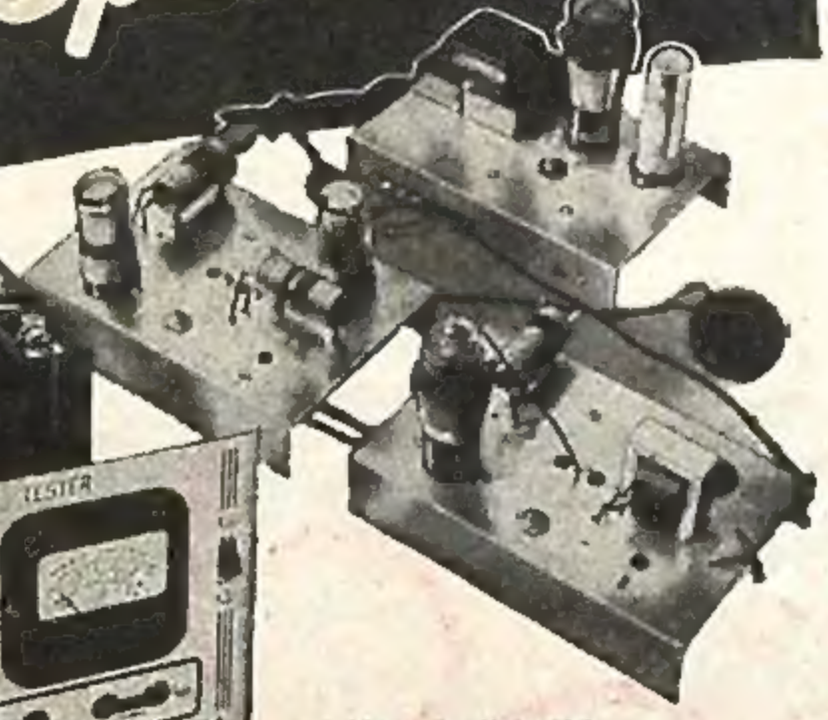

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